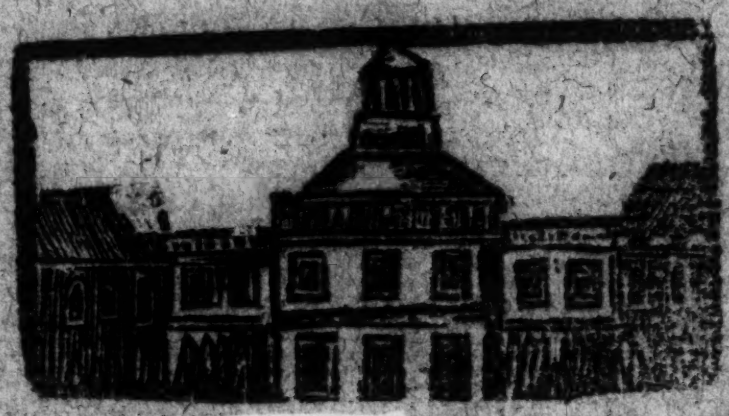
THE DORSETSHIRE Garland.

To an Excellent Tune.



BEHOLD near the borders of fair Dorſetſhire,
Where labour is cheap and money is dear,
There lived a poor labourer, a thraſher of corn,
Who in Seven ſeaſon had eight children born.

We needs muſt confeſs that hard was his fare,
Who had ſuch a charge to maintain by his care;
Yet ne'er was he known to repine at the ſame,
But ſtill to his labour moſt chearfully came.

To Billy the eldeſt ſuch learning he gave,
As few in the country much better could have.
He being the eldeſt, the joy of his heart,
Of a pleaſant deportment in every part.

At length among many who pleas'd their delight,
Was placed ſweet William on a rich noble knight;
Who took him in order his ſervant to make
Of him, for the ſake of true honour and faith.

He had not been long in the ſervice, before
His maſters daughter began him to adore:
Sweet William who was conſtant in her view,
Yet nevertheleſs it was more than he knew.

The folly of pride it did never reflect,
He ſhew'd himſelf humble in ev'ry reſpect,
Both to the old knight and his daughter likewiſe.
Bebold it was Cupid that gained the prize.

While in the ſilent night ſhe was taking her reſt,
The innocent heart that was lodg'd in her breaſt,
By love the fair creature was wounded ſo deep,
That waking ſhe ſtrait was oppreſſed to weep.

She reaſon'd awhile by herſelf as ſhe lay,
And ſaid, I'm a wealthy charmer and gay.
Eſteemed by perſons of honour and fame,
And muſt I love William, ſweet William by name?

A man of mean parents, who came from the plow.
I'd willingly ſlight him, but cannot tell how.
The more that I ſtrive to forget him, I find,
The deeper he is placed in my heart and mind.

I find it's a folly to ſtrive againſt fate,
Since abundance of powers of love are ſo great.
That all muſt ſurrender and freely comply,
Where Cupid doth conquor, and ſo muſt I.

Now here is a ſtrange and wonderful thing,
The which in the world in truth I muſt bring;
Her lover and ſervant, Sweet William, It ſeems,
That very ſame night had the ſweeteſt of dreams.

He dream'd that his lady lay cloſe in his arms,
While he had the honour to riſle her charms;
And with all the freedom he did her poſſeſs.
He bluſh'd at his folly, and laugh'd in his breaſt.

He turn'd on his back, and ſlumber'd again,
'Till part of the night he did entertain:
And in his ſweet ſlumber he heard a kind voice,
Riſe up and court her, ſhe has made you her choice.

He was ſo ſurprized at the dream as he lay,
That when William did ariſe the next day,
He made obſervation if that he might gueſs,
In hopes to partake of the great happineſs.

With that he presum'd her to kiss,
She answer'd, pray, what's the meaning of this,
I needs must confess you are something too bold,
And I shall take care that your master is told.

I needs must confess, fair lady, he cry'd,
That I am not worthy to make you my bride,
But love, your fair beauty hath wounded me so,
That I cannot live if you answer me, No.

The beautiful lady did answer him strait,
Come William, What makes you talk at this rate?
What think you my honoured father will say
If you should delude his fair daughter away?

The joy of his heart this love and delight;
You know he's a man of honour and might.
And think you that he will his daughter bestow
On a servant-man? you'll find it not so.

I needs must confess you are of noble birth
And I a servant the meanest on earth;
Yet nevertheless by the powers above,
I will venture my life for the smiles of my love.

I have not the power to go from my dear,
And so let thy father prove e'er so severe,
Whatever befals I will patiently take,
And count it an honour to die for your sake.

The words were so moving, that tears from her eyes
Did flow in abundance, and thus she replies,
I readily grant thee thy own request,
And you with the love of a lady are blest.

Hence courtship, embraces, and kisses are free,
And then the next morning they both did agree,
That they would not make any longer delay,
But both would be wedded the very next day.

Now to manage the wedding they both design'd,
She begg'd of her father he would be so kind,
To let her ride forth a relation to see,
And likewise sweet William her guardian should be.

Her father immediately gave his consent;
So then the next morning together they went
To a little village, where married they were
In private, no friends nor relations were there.

And in a friend's house together did lie,
Where love did afford them a happy supply:
And then the next morning by break of day
To her nam'd relations they hasted away.

Now when to her friends and relations they came
This beautiful lady of honour and fame
Was highly esteem'd, so was William also;
Yet none of the wedding did any thing know.

Now when with her friends they tarried awhile,
This beautiful did say with a smile,
Come, William, now let us return with speed
My Father will think he has lost me indeed.

They mounted with speed, and away they did ride
Sweet William, and likewise the beautiful bride,
Whose honoured charms he did much adore,
Yet all was kept private for six months and more.

And trewing with child, her father espy'd.
Alas! she the marriage no longer could hide;
But told him the truth in every part,
At which he was vex'd and griev'd to the heart.

Said he, I'm offended at what you have done;
You know that I had neither daughter nor son.
Not in this whole world I do solemnly swear;
Then how could you bring me to sorrow and care?

It is but folly, dear father, to chide,
If I had the chance of three kingdoms beside.
There's none I could fancy like Billy my dear;
Therefore I would have you to be of good cheer.

To marry for honour is folly indeed,
To marry for riches much sorrow may breed;
This is my opinion, and ever shall hold,
That love in abundance is better then gold.

Her honour'd father was soon reconcil'd,
And call'd for Sweet William, and said, My dear child,
So fetch forth your parents from fair Dorsetshire,
And let them partake of your happiness here.

Since providence has made you my Son, I declare,
I'd willingly bring them from sorrow and care;
And cause them to live in a plentiful state,
For why should they labour when you are so great?

Then William before him bow'd down to the ground
Because he such favour and kindness had found;
She said, Honour'd father, the deed is well done;
I hope he will make you a dutiful son.

The coach was made ready for him and his bride.
Away to the place of his birth they did ride.
The first that he saw was his father at plow:
Come leave off your labour, and go with me now,

Where must I go, you fine fellow, quoth he?
Thy face until now I never did see.
Said he, But you have, for I am your son
Come leave off your labour for your work is done.

And here's my dear spouse, your daughter in-law.
Then turning about, his mother he saw,
As she was coming strait over the land,
He run and took her fast hold by the hand.

While they were talking two brothers came by.
And unto his parents he made this reply;
Leave all that you have to my brothers, quoth he,
And come in the coach, you shall go with me.

He rode to the next town, and cloathed them both:
And said, honest parents, take notice henceforth
You shall be released from sorrow and care,
Since it was my fortune to win this lady fair.